

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From "The Times.")

Birmingham, August 28th, 1873.

To the great surprise and equal satisfaction of the Birmingham people, the Duke of Edinburgh, of whom it was thought yesterday that the last glimpse had been seen, returned this morning, with the Earl of Shrewsbury, from Ingestre; and after luncheon at the Queen's Hotel, where his Royal Highness had again taken up his quarters, attended the performance of the *Messiah* in the Town Hall. Punctual, as usual, he reached the hall at the appointed time, and Sir Michael Costa was enabled to give the first wave of his *bâton* with the regularity which on such occasions has always proved that he is not only a great musician, but a strict disciplinarian. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, composer of the oratorio, *The Light of the World*, performed yesterday with such brilliant success, formed one of the Royal party in the Vice-President's gallery; and, after the enthusiastic reception awarded to the Duke of Edinburgh, was himself made the object of a similar demonstration.

About the performance of the *Messiah* little requires to be said. How admirably the choruses are delivered from end to end by the Birmingham singers, amateurs need hardly be informed; nor is it necessary to remind our London readers of the excellence of those artists to whom were allotted the principal vocal pieces. In the first part the solo singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (soprano), upon whom devolved the pastoral recitatives, "There were shepherds," &c., culminating in the florid and exultant "Rejoice greatly;" Madame Trebelli-Bettini (contralto), to whom fell the melodious air, "Oh thou that tellest good tidings in Zion;" Mr. Vernon Rigby, who sang "Comfort ye my people," with its joyous pendant, "Every valley shall be exalted;" and Signor Foli, whose share in the music was limited to the recitative, "For behold," and its sequel, "The people that walked in darkness," to which Mozart has added such elaborate and picturesque orchestral accompaniments. In the second part Madame Sherrington was set down for "How beautiful are the feet;" Madame Patey for "He was despised and rejected;" Mr. Sims Reeves for the Passion music, beginning "All they that see Him," and ending with "But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell," as also the air, "Thou shalt break them;" and Signor Foli for "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" In Part III. Mdle. Tietjens sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and to Mr. Santley was allotted "The trumpet shall sound" (*obbligato* trumpet, Mr. T. Harper); Madame Patey and Mr. J. A. Smith taking part with Mdle. Tietjens and Mr. Santley in the quartets, "Since by man came death" and "For as in Adam all die." The oratorio came to an end with a very fine performance of the great chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," and its magnificent peroration, "Amen," during which, as during the "Hallelujah," the audience stood up.

On leaving the hall the Duke of Edinburgh was again loudly cheered, and the cheering was kept up outside until he arrived at his hotel. The numbers present at this performance of the *Messiah* were 2,213, and the receipts from sale of tickets amounted to upwards of £2,924—such is the continued and unflinching attraction of Handel's undying masterpiece.

The Duke of Edinburgh will attend the performance of *Fridolin*, a new cantata of Signor Alberto Randegger, this evening.

Among the company in the Vice-Patrons' gallery were the following: His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh (president); the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot; the Countess of Shrewsbury and party; the Mayor of Birmingham and party; Lord and Lady Littleton and party; the Marquis of Hertford; Lord and Lady William Seymour; Lady Mary Seymour; Mr. and Lady Florence Seymour; the Earl of Denbigh; Lady Folkestone; Lady Theresa Talbot; The Bishop of Worcester; Sir C. B. Adderley, M.P., and party; Lady Windsor Clive and party; the Hon. Parker Lewis and party; Dowager Lady Mordaunt and party; the High Sheriff of Warwickshire and party; the High Sheriff of Staffordshire and party; the Bishop of Rochester; Lady Ward and party; Sir Robert Hamilton and party; the Dean of Lichfield and party; Sir R. Knightley, M.P., and party; the Hon. Mr. Gage; the Hon. and Rev. John Bridgeman and party; Mr. and Lady G. Petre and party;

General Phillips and party; Colonel Stevenson, C.B.; Lieutenant-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Lindsay; Mr. Henry Allsopp and party; Mr. J. D. Wingfield Digby and party; Miss Davenport and party; Mr. Thomas Walker and party; Mrs. Manley and party; Mrs. Poole Shawe and party; Mr. James Chance and party; Mr. and Mrs. Owen Grant; Mr. Dugdale and party; Major Monekton; Miss Alice Peel and party; Mr. C. M. Caldecott, and Professor Oakeley, Mus. Bac.

The Duke of Edinburgh left Birmingham by the half-past ten o'clock train to meet the limited mail at Stafford, whence he would proceed direct to Scotland. In the course of the day, his Royal Highness visited the Society of Artists and the Midland Institute, where the statue of Prince Albert by Mr. Peter Hollinsy is placed. After dining at the Queen's Hotel, he went to the Town Hall to hear Signor Randegger's *Fridolin*, which occupied the first part of the concert. As the train was about starting, the Duke shook hands with the Mayor, and expressed his gratification at the cordial manner in which he had been welcomed by the Birmingham people.

The new cantata was received with every mark of favour. Two choruses were encored, many other pieces were loudly applauded, and Signor Randegger was unanimously called forward at the end. The solo singers were Madame Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli. The numbers present were 2,425, and the receipts amounted to £1,605 5s.

August 29.

The evening performances at the Town Hall have been much of the long accepted kind. The highly favourable reception awarded to Signor Schira's *Lord of Burleigh* and Signor Randegger's *Fridolin* has been recorded. About these, as about Mr. Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*, there will be further occasion to speak at length in a general summary of the Festival week. At present we merely refer to the miscellaneous selections of vocal and instrumental music which followed the cantatas, and which, though comprising few novelties, were not the less eagerly enjoyed by the crowded audiences assembled on each occasion. It must be allowed that the programmes, with regard to variety and interest, were carefully made out. More orchestral music of importance than usual helped to contrast with the vocal pieces of all sorts and denominations, and thus to bring out in strong relief the magnificent orchestra over which Sir Michael Costa presides with unrivalled ability. At the first concert the programme included Beethoven's *Leonora*, the grandest of the four overtures composed for the opera known to all the musical world under the name of *Fidelio*. Such an imposing beginning was worthy an imposing climax; and so we had the overture to Cherubini's *Anacreon*, a masterpiece of a wholly different character—brilliant rather than sublime—which brought the concert to a termination.

The audience could hardly have quitted the hall to the accompaniment of more inspiring strains; and had not the concert been already so long, they would doubtless have appreciated them fully. At the next concert Beethoven's C minor symphony was the first, and Rossini's overture to the *Siege of Corinth* the last, orchestral performance. About these familiar masterpieces it would be superfluous to say more than that they were played as might have been expected from orchestra and conductor. The other overture was that to Mr. Macfarren's still unheard oratorio, *John the Baptist*. Upon this the verdict of London has twice been emphatically pronounced—at the concerts of the London Orchestral Society and those of the "old Philharmonic;" and now Birmingham has endorsed the opinion of the capital. The overture to *John the Baptist* is unquestionably a fine work; and if the other parts of the MS. oratorio (which has been secured by the managing committee of the approaching festival at Bristol) are of the same calibre, something far apart from the ordinary may reasonably be anticipated. It is known that Sir Michael Costa—to his credit be it said—took the utmost pains at the rehearsals of this new work, and the result was a splendid performance. At the third and last miscellaneous concert the picturesque overture to *Guillaume Tell*, unequalled in its style, met with the accustomed reception, the last movement (the military movement) being encored; the fiery *Ruy Blas* of Mendelssohn, which Weber might have signed, playing the audience out, and, like Cherubini's *Anacreon*, de-

serving a better fate. Many amateurs would have preferred hearing the *Ruy Blas* overture to a good deal of the vocal music; but the programme was lengthy, and so they were compelled to sit the whole out, or to put up with disappointment. From the foregoing it will be seen that the orchestra during the week was furnished with ample opportunities of display—and that these opportunities were not lost will easily be credited. There was no concerto, either for violin or piano-forte, but the symphony of Beethoven was an excellent substitute, and the close attention with which it was followed from beginning to end, even more than the applause bestowed upon movement after movement, showed plainly that its appearance in the programme was generally approved. The miscellaneous selections rendered assumed further importance on account of the introduction of several unknown things, among which were two of the "posthumous" works of Rossini. These were the "Song of the Titans," a chorus in unison for bass voices only, with orchestral accompaniments, and a "National Hymn" (so-called), for barytone solo (Mr. Santley) with chorus—the first a very original and remarkable composition, the second less original and less remarkable, but more likely to win popularity. Both were applauded. The only other vocal pieces at the three concerts which can lay claim to novelty were a well written trio, wedded by Mr. Anderton to the Laureate's famous stanzas, "Break on thy cold gray stones, O sea," and a very expressive setting by Mr. Oakeley, Professor of Music at the Edinburgh University, of the beautiful lyric, "Tears, idle tears," from the *Princess*, each with orchestral accompaniments. The former was assigned to Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, the composer himself conducting in the orchestra. The latter was sung by Mdle. Tietjens; so that both composers were fortunate in their exponents. Mr. Anderton is, we believe, a local professor who has composed several pieces held in esteem by his fellow townsmen. Something in a more ambitious style should represent him at the next Festival. To Mdle. Tietjens, Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Patey, and Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Foli, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, W. H. Cummings, and last, not least, Mr. Sims Reeves, little or nothing was set down in the programmes out of the range of those pieces, Italian, French, German, and English (a small modicum of English by the way), in which they have been so often heard and applauded. To say more than that they were in almost every instance sung in such a manner as the audience had a right to look for at the hands of such artists, the manner to which they have long accustomed the public, and that their efforts were appreciated as always, would be superfluous. General regret, however, was expressed that there was not a single piece, vocal or instrumental, in any of the programmes, morning or evening, from the pens of either Sir Michael Costa, who has not only done so much for these triennial meetings, but has composed two oratorios for them, or of Sir Julius Benedict, who conferred lustre on the Festival of 1870 by the production of his *St. Peter*. It was also regretted that not one of those sterling English ballads—Dibdin's nautical ballads, for example—was put down for Mr. Sims Reeves, who has caught their spirit so thoroughly, and sings them with such genuine feeling. Nevertheless, such excellent service was rendered by the artists we have named in contributing materially towards the success of the new cantatas of Signor Schira and Signor Randegger, to say nothing of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's oratorio in the morning, that it would, perhaps, have been hard to tax them with further novelties.

While exempted from going into a detailed description of familiar matters, it is but fair to state that Mdle. Emma Albani, Mr. Gye's newest *prima donna*, had just as favourable a reception here as at the Norwich Festival of 1872. It was the young Canadian lady's first appearance in Birmingham, and the Birmingham amateurs welcomed her with hearty enthusiasm. In the course of the evening concerts she gave three of her Italian operatic airs—the *scena* of the madness from *Lucia di Lammermoor* (flute, Mr. Radcliff), "Ah che infelice," from Donizetti's *Ugo Conte di Parigi*, and "Oh non credea mirarti," from *La Sonnambula*, besides "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Robin Adair," singing her very best, and making an impression which resulted on each occasion in loud "recalls," and on four occasions in encores not to be declined. Mdle. Albani may be said to have thus easily won the (musical) freedom of the town.

The Duke of Edinburgh having left Birmingham, accompanied by the Earl of Shrewsbury, the duties of President were undertaken by the Mayor, who at the last performances of sacred music appeared in the presidential chair. On this occasion the morning programme was like the programme of the evening concerts, "Miscellaneous"—consisting of Spohr's well-known cantata, *God, Thou art great* (not, by the way, too well known at Birmingham, where Spohr has never been rated at his worth); "Angels, ever bright and fair," sung by Mdle. Albani with the same success as at Norwich; Haydn's superb "Imperial Mass;" two other posthumous works of Rossini—"Ave Maria," for chorus, orchestra, and organ, and a double chorus, "Cantemus," with organ accompaniment (Mr. Stimpson, organist of the Town Hall); and last, and best of all, excerpts from *Israel in Egypt*. In Spohr's cantata the solo singers were Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli, and Mr. Vernon Rigby; in Haydn's Mass, Mesdames Sherrington and Patey, Mr. Cummings and Signor Foli; in the selection from *Israel*, Madame Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs. Santley and Sims Reeves. All went well. The Mayor, exercising the traditional privilege of his post, and seeing the inclination of the audience, waved his book for a repetition of "Angels, ever bright and fair," and also of "The enemy said I will pursue," after both of which, but especially after the latter, which Mr. Reeves never sang more finely, the restrictions against applause were disregarded. The wish, however, was in neither instance gratified. "The Lord is a Man of War" (Mr. Santley and Signor Foli) produced its accustomed effect; and the choruses were all admirably given. The additional accompaniments were those of Sir Michael Costa, who was of course conductor. In the evening a performance of *Judas Maccabæus* (also with Sir Michael's additional accompaniments), in which all the principal singers, except Mdles. Albani and Trebelli, took part, attracted an enormous crowd; and, with the National Anthem, brought the Festival, the most prosperous on record, to an end. How successful this meeting has been may be gathered from the subjoined statement, comparing the results of 1870 with those of 1873.—

	1870.				1873.			
	Persons present.	Receipts.			Persons present.	Receipts.		
Tuesday	4,429	£4,530	8	3	3,480	£3,764	7	5
Wednesday	2,100	1,681	4	9	3,304	3,208	0	1
Thursday	3,930	3,842	13	5	4,638	4,529	9	4
Friday	4,102	3,302	11	4	3,987	3,279	7	9
	14,561	£13,356	17	9	15,409	£14,781	4	7
Tickets, £5 5s. ...	74	388	10	0	97	509	5	0
A schemes	—	385	11	6	—	370	0	0
	14,635	£14,130	19	3	15,506	£15,660	9	7
Total increase this year,	£1,529				10s. 4d.			

THE DAILY ORCHESTRAL PERFORMANCE AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

"The perseverance of the directors of these concerts"—writes the *Globe*—"is at last beginning to meet with its reward, and their excellence to find public recognition. A feature of the concerts has been Mr. Cusins' pianoforte concerto in A minor. Of this work we spoke in high terms on its production at the Philharmonic. Subsequent opportunities of studying it enabled us to endorse our first impressions very confidently. Some of the subjects are fresh as well as beautiful; and not only are the several movements coherent, but the work, as a whole, is really a concerto for the pianoforte, not a symphony with a pianoforte part. But our business just now is not with the work, but its execution. This was entrusted on Saturday to a very young lady—apparently not yet half through her teens—Miss Jessie Morison, a pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes. Seldom, irrespective of the age of the performer, have we heard a more satisfactory performance. Miss Morison has evidently mastered the mechanical parts of her art at the only time they can be mastered, in early youth. The consciousness of having done this leaves her at full liberty to deal with those more subtle parts of musical interpretation which are alike beyond the reach of imperfect mechanism or insufficient sensibility. She possesses, too, and has evidently cultivated, that precious gift to all, memory. She played the entire work without book. Should Miss Morison's studies be carried on as they have been so far, she must in a few years take a position among the first pianists, foreign or English."

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

(From the "Times.")

The production of an oratorio from the pen of an English composer, and of two secular cantatas by distinguished Italian musicians long resident in England, will give historical interest to the Birmingham Festival of 1873. All three were successful, and legitimately so; but, as a composition of magnitude and elaborate development, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Light of the World* naturally takes precedence. The plan of this work has already been described, and the argument printed in full. To criticise its musical treatment in technical detail is not our present intention; nor would it be fair, after a single hearing, to summarily pronounce judgment upon the result of some years' earnest thought and labour. That the oratorio will be heard in London not long hence can hardly admit of a doubt. Unaided by the fact that Mr. Sullivan has through previous efforts deservedly won a foremost position among the most eminent and popular composers of the day, its merits alone would suffice to insure that distinction. *Eli*, *Naaman*, and *St. Peter* have all been given in London, as well as at the Birmingham Festival, to which we owe the production of so many compositions of importance, not a few of which are likely to survive; and one of which, after nearly thirty years of probation in the British Isles, in Germany, and in America, is as fresh and healthy as when it first came forth, delighting every one with a soul for harmony, no less than every one who believes that the historical events and oracular prophecies of Holy Writ may be used to excellent purpose by a gifted musician inspired with a reverence for their truth and symbolic meaning. Not, however, to speak of *Elijah*, which, "like some serene and unapproached star," shines apart, the other three works we have named having been introduced to the capital, the London public has fair claim to be introduced to *The Light of the World*, and will in all probability expect and ask for it. Mr. Sullivan may possibly contemplate modifying certain parts, abridging others, and, by the aid of condensation, bring the incidents closer together. Upon this subject it would be superfluous to dwell, the composer being himself the best judge of what to do and how to do it. It is to be wished that he may not revise too much; for the habit of reconsidering things accomplished, instead of entering at once upon some new task, is, if too frequently indulged in, hardly to be praised without qualification.

On the whole, in our opinion, the book upon which *The Light of the World* is constructed requires little but the excision of certain portions to make it an unexceptionable book of its kind; but for this again Mr. Sullivan is alone answerable. When Mendelssohn, who, though occasionally taking counsel from others, was chiefly responsible for the books of his oratorios, made alterations of more or less import in *Elijah*, after its first performance, in 1846, at the Birmingham Festival, he was his own critic, and acted accordingly. No one had either publicly or privately suggested such alterations; but, when the oratorio was re-produced, the changes Mendelssohn had devised were universally recognized as good. Mr. Sullivan will doubtless exercise similar discretion; and, as his oratorio is really in want of little else than curtailment, the task will not impose upon him any very serious expense of thought or unreasonable amount of toil.

As it stands now, *The Light of the World* is full of interest from the beginning of the first chorus to the end of the last. With commendable reticence, its composer has endeavoured, as much as practicable, to steer clear of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn; though, occasionally, the influence of those masters (as well as that of the elder madrigal writers) is apparent—which, the nature of his theme considered, is not surprising, and, indeed, was almost inevitable. Handel is most evident in the "Pastoral Symphony," separating the opening chorus from "Bethlehem," the scene of the Nativity, and in a good deal that follows—perilous ground to tread upon, but ground upon which Mr. Sullivan has trodden with firm sobriety. Bach and Mendelssohn are hinted at slightly, here and there, especially in the scene at the Synagogue ("Nazareth"), where, as in the *Passion* music, not to mention *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, and *Christus*, the people respond to the soloist in brief snatches of chorus, which increase in fury and impetuosity as they follow one upon the other. Here, nevertheless, the single voice does not

represent Pontius Pilate, but Christ, as preacher and admonisher. The scene is throughout well conceived and powerfully written. The trial of Jesus before Pilate and the Crucifixion, which would have been still more perilous ground, are avoided, the circumstances being succinctly related in a narrative chorus, after the manner of the Greek plays—a well-imagined and well-carried-out device. To the profound feeling of reverence with which Mr. Sullivan has musically illustrated all the passages relating to the Saviour, and in which the Saviour is supposed to hold forth, no intelligent listener can be insensible. It has been argued that the oratorio contains too much slow music, which occasionally engenders monotony. This is in some measure true, the subject, or rather certain features of it, rendering any other kind of treatment impossible. At the same time, it must be allowed that judicious compression can set all in proper order, and help to exhibit the remaining parts of the work with twice the power and thrice the brightness. The final chorus to the scene at Bethlehem, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed"—a grand chorus in the strictest sense of the phrase—is wonderfully impressive as it occurs, but would be still more impressive if it came earlier.

Not to enter further into minute particulars, what has been stated comprises absolutely all there is to say in critical disparagement of *The Light of the World*—a work which we cannot but regard as an honour to the English school of music, and, take it for all in all (*The Woman of Samaria* of Sir Sterndale Bennett being rather a sacred cantata than an oratorio proper), the best oratorio for which we are indebted to an English musician. In consenting to deal with such a theme Mr. Sullivan undertook a by no means easy task; he brought to it, however, an amount of intelligence, feeling, and musical acquirement which enabled him to accomplish it successfully.

There is in *The Light of the World* greater breadth, a richer flow of melody, more ingenious contrivance, and more fertile invention than we have remarked in his preceding works—though in many these qualities are observable. The orchestration throughout shows a complete acquaintance with all the instruments, a facility of combining them in harmonious groups no less than of displaying them in solo passages for special points of effect. Not the least noticeable piece in the oratorio is the introductory orchestral prelude to the scene at "Jerusalem" (Part II.), meant to pourtray in musical tones the troubles and dissensions created at Jerusalem by the presence, the teaching, and miracles of Christ. In the art of writing for voices Mr. Sullivan has acquired equal proficiency. To single out one example, the peroration to Part I., beginning with a chorus of children, "Hosanna to the Son of David," followed by a soprano air, "Tell ye the Daughters of Zion," other solos, and a chorus of men—"Blessed be the kingdom of our Father, David"—and terminating with "Hosanna in the highest," for full chorus and full orchestra, may be cited unhesitatingly as a masterpiece of construction and effect. This movement, or chain of movements, constitutes, perhaps, the finest number in the work; but there is much more of the kind to which attention may be called when opportunity offers. The efficient execution of *The Light of the World* by chorus, orchestra, and all engaged in its performance, not forgetting the principal singers—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, with Messrs. Cummings and Briggs of Windsor, in smaller, though by no means insignificant parts—as also the enthusiastic reception of the oratorio and its composer, was recorded last week.

A few words yet remain to be said about *The Lord of Burleigh* and *Fridolin*, the respective new cantatas of Signora Schira and Randegger.

NEW ORLEANS.—M. Gueymard, the well known tenor, formerly of the Grand Opera, Paris, will shortly appear here.

PARIS.—One day last week, *Le Prophète* was to be given at the Grand Opera, with Mdlle. Bloch as Fidès. Suddenly the lady was taken ill, and no member of the company knew the part. In this extremity, the manager had recourse to Mdlle. Levington, a young lady born in Paris, of American parents, and a pupil of Duprez. She is a perfect novice, but she went through the trying ordeal most successfully.—There is a talk of building a new theatre, to be called the Théâtre de la Porte-Montmartre. M. Charles Monselet proposes to get up for the purpose a joint stock company, with a capital of a million francs in a thousand shares, of a thousand francs each.

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT MOLD.

Wednesday morning week gave some little promise of a fine day. Alas! how short-lived was the hope. No sooner had the Gorsedd on Bailey Hill commenced than the rain began to sprinkle. Soon it poured, and soon it fell in torrents, and continued to do so for several hours. The processions that had paraded the streets were absent; no doubt they were drying their smart garments. The bands were silent, it was too wet for the Men of Harlech to march, even the seamen with "ducks" so white, and missing legs, who, yesterday, made the air hideous with their howlings, refused to turn out—they declined drowning. Still the ancient Bards stood round their mystic ring and performed their solemn rites. The Bards and Ovids have adopted a new and strange costume this year. They have assumed the university gown and trencher cap in varied colours, some blue and some green. They have either parodied the scholastic dress or the universities copied and adopted some ages ago their costume. They certainly look as if they had clandestinely procured academic robes and dyed them in outrageous and hideous hues. Two learned Bards, Pencerdd Caerludd (Mr. Willert Beale) and Pencerdd Towey (Mr. Brinley Richards), declined to wear the strange-looking garments; by so doing they broke that uniformity so desirable even in ridiculous ceremonies. These gentlemen looked ill at ease sometimes at the Gorsedd; they gazed so fixedly at the pieces of rock on which their right feet were resting, that fears were entertained they would, Polyphemus like, hurl them at the head of the gentle Ais that was boring them with a long-winded harangue in the Welsh tongue. Apart from the ludicrous aspect of the Gorsedd, and doubting any utility or significance in the ceremony, still the antiquity which excites so much curiosity cannot be questioned. It is said the institution is as old as the period of Prydain ab Aedd Mawr, who lived about a thousand years before the Christian era. Without attempting to fix the date of its origin, it undoubtedly may be received as a relic of that mysterious Druidical system which once ruled the inhabitants of these islands. An undeviating law in the holding of a Gorsedd is that it must be held "in the face of the sun, in the eye of the light." The Eisteddfod is a branch that sprung from the Gorsedd, and, consequently, of more recent origin. The word Eisteddfod means a "sitting," or "session." At one time it possessed political and magisterial power; the Saxon conquerors made restrictions and inflicted heavy punishment upon the Bards if they wandered beyond the regions of pure minstrelsy. The Eisteddfod, however, has survived persecution; it has had a vitality in Wales that neither the sword nor the pen could destroy. After the Gorsedd on Wednesday morning week, the Bards, as is their custom, went in procession to the Eisteddfod building, where, in spite of wet, a large multitude were awaiting them. Some few persons, however, were leaving the town in disgust at the discomforts the bad weather had caused them. At the back of the pavilion was seen the celebrated authoress, Mrs. Brown, looking the very picture of desolation. Poor lady! her pattens and umbrella were of no avail against Welsh wet. She had been betrayed to venture so far from the Borough Road to gather some amusement for her many admirers; but the fun she found in Mold was as unintelligible and lugubrious as the language. How disconsolate she looked as she hummed "The March of the Men of Harlech" in a minor key some three octaves low. How anxiously she was awaiting the train to take her back to the Borough. Photographers, too, were seen packing up their implements and fleeing the place; preferring the bottom of the nearest coal-pit to a town upon which the sun never shone. They should have remained a day or two longer, then Mold might not have proved to be altogether an aquarium. At the commencement of the morning meeting, disappointment and regret were caused by the absence of the president for the day, Sir Watkin Wynn, Bart., M.P. This gentleman is very popular in North Wales; his geniality, plain speaking, and common sense render him agreeable, pleasant, and instructive. Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., undertook his duties. A better substitute could scarcely be found. His speaking is marked by the ease of a practical orator, and he so well knows the temperament of his audience, that he can at all times supply them with that class of rhetoric they can understand and enjoy. The great event of the day, and of the Eisteddfod, was the chairing of the winner of the chair prize; the subject being

an awde (ode) on Caractacus in Rome. The Rev. R. Williams, of Anglesea, proved to be the fortunate gentleman; he had previously taken four similar honours, he is, therefore, not only well known, but also extremely popular, as was evident when he was escorted by his brother Bards to the chair that secured him the bardic honours of the year. It was the most imposing scene of the week when, amidst the acclamations of the people, the congratulations of his brethren, and the triumphant shout of the choir singing "See the conquering hero comes," the rev. gentleman took the highest seat of honour Welsh minstrelsy can bestow. Miss Mary Davis was greeted by Mr. Brinley Richards as the coming *prima donna* of Wales. This young lady, by her sweet voice and modesty of manner, has secured the admiration and affection of her country people. Much she may have to learn, but she has to follow in the footsteps of Miss Edith Wynne, and, like her, she may some future day secure the hearty approbation and genuine popularity which that gifted lady now worthily monopolizes. Prizes were awarded for works on many and varied subjects: for "the best love song," and for an essay on "the principles of cattle feeding," for pennillion singing, and the best brass band; and Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., M.P., arrived in time to say that he had travelled all the way from Scotland to be present. He did not add that a general election was impending.

The evening concert was remarkable for the excellent singing of the Mold choir, under the conduct of Mr. Allen Jones. They sang selections from the *Messiah* so well, with such power, accuracy, and heartiness, as to prompt the hope that no future Eisteddfod will be held without a work by the great master being performed in its entirety. Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas were the artists who took part in Handel's immortal work. Messrs. Skeaf and Harris were the accompanists, and Miss Waugh played with remarkable talent. Thursday week proved by far the most successful day. It received the patronage of the clerk of the weather. The sun shone, the town no longer looked as if it were sunken in the depths of murky waters. The country looked beautiful enough to charm even the photographers that left it in such chagrin. The Bards at the Gorsedd had no need of their umbrellas; and the trains poured crowds upon crowds into the town. Thanks to the sun, the financial success of the Eisteddfod is secured. The president of the day was the Right Honourable Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., who made a short but highly effective speech. He made especial reference to the surpassing value of music as a means for elevating the intellectual and moral tone of the people, and that it was his opinion the practice of choral singing in North Wales would do more to eradicate bad and pernicious habits, such as intoxication, than any other means which could possibly be employed. One of the most interesting features of the morning's proceeding was the competitive trial of choirs for a £20 prize open to Welsh Societies of not less than forty voices, the test being Handel's "Worthy is the Lamb" and "Amen" choruses. Five choirs competed, but one, namely, the Newtown (Montgomeryshire) choir is deserving of especial mention for its culture; in this respect they were not excelled by any of the other choirs. The prize, however, was awarded to the Birkenhead choir who sang capitally in time and with great fire and precision. The only matter for consideration is how a choir located at Birkenhead can be considered Welsh. An unfortunate episode threatened towards the close of the morning meeting to disturb the concourse of sweet sounds. A prize of £40 for the best rendering of the chorus, "Rise up, arise," had been offered. The Birkenhead choir claimed a right to compete, but the other choirs objected, and declared if the exact conditions stated in the programme were not observed they would all retire. A terrible row was at one time imminent, but all happily ended by the Birkenhead folk retiring. The competition followed, and the first prize was awarded to the Newtown (Montgomeryshire) choir, who richly deserved it. The distinctive feature of the evening concert was a new work from the pen of Mr. Brinley Richards. This gentleman exerted himself with unflagging energy during the week. His great popularity, founded as it is upon amiability of character, and high artistic culture, is well deserved, and it is heartily expressed by his countrymen, north and south. Con-

cerning the merits of the composition, here performed for the first time, a future occasion will afford an opportunity for critical remarks. Suffice to say it was received with great acclamations, and that it was sung with heart and voice by the festival choir. The artists engaged on the previous occasion were all successful again. The people are never tired of them. They encore if they have the slenderest chance of another song. The good folk of Mold, no doubt, are hospitable; all Welsh people are. Their generosity this week has been manifested by their throwing open to illustrious strangers all the hotels and taverns of the town, where they could procure everything they could possibly wish by paying a little more only than the usual charges.

At the morning meeting on Friday week Lord Mostyn was unable to preside in consequence of domestic bereavement. Captain Pennant was chairman in his stead, and delivered an interesting and manly address. The chief matters of interest were the choral competitions, the £50 prize won by the Birkenhead Cambrarian Choral Society, a second prize to the Carnarvon Society, and an interesting competition for triple harp concert was well attended.

L. T.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

August 27th, 1873.

When a doctor goes to visit a patient, and after a few minutes conversation with him prescribes the "mixture as before," it is possible the said patient is not so satisfied as if the M.D. had knocked him about and expatiated with him on all the human ills contained in Pandora's box (and out of it too). Let me then sum up the mixture of last week, always supposing I write Rep: mixt: in the shape of *Mignon*, *La Fille du Regiment*, and *La Juive*, with a pill taken three times because it did so much good in the course of last week; the name of it being *La Fille de Mme. Angot*.

Joking apart, the above opera was produced here on Saturday night with such success that M. Clement was forced to reproduce it on Monday—making an extra night. Clairette was entrusted to Mlle. Mey, who acted and sang with spirit, two very essential qualifications for such a rôle. Mlle. Noaille undertook the part of Mlle. Lange with her usual good singing and acting, the latter being, perhaps, too good—I mean too ladylike for such a character. The duet which begins "Jours fortunés de notre enfance où nous disions: maman, papa," and in the course of which, with arms a-kinbo, they "act" in acting "le ton de leurs parents." It went splendidly, and brought down the house.

Our second tenor, M. Descamps, took the rôle of Ange Pitou. His singing was accurate, and his voice, which I have not had much opportunity of judging before, is of good quality and compass. He looked Ange Pitou to the life, being a young man of prepossessing appearance, and last, not least, he knows how to act as well as sing. M. Cifotelli (fils) as Pomponnet, and M. Kinnel as Larivaudière, also deservedly gained applause for their singing and acting. When I sum up by saying that all the choruses, especially the now well-known conspirators' chorus, went well, having been rehearsed for six weeks previously; that the orchestra was what it always is under the bâton of M. Champenois; and that the *mise-en-scène*, costumes, and "get-up" altogether were good, I think you will agree with me that a crammed house on three nights last week was not astonishing.

Though I dismissed the repetitions as "the mixture as before," I think it due to some of the artists who took part therein to notice them. In the first place, in *Mignon*, let me mention with praise the duo when the heroine meets Lothario (her real father)—"Oh! oui j'ai souffert!" so well rendered by Mlle. Mey and M. Larivière; and in Act II., M. Bresson's singing of "Adieu, Mignon." In the next place, I must specially let you know of some of the *caste* in *La Juive* last night. The part of Le Juif was taken by M. Cazabon, that of *La Juive* by Mlle. Noaille. M. Cazabon, described in the bills as a "fort tenor," is a fort tenor, and is well-known in France as such. He possesses a rich, mellow voice of good compass, his upper register being especially good, and he sings with ease. His chest notes it would puzzle many other tenors to "take," except as "head-notes;" added to this, he is an actor, and therefore in such a character as that of Eleazar

he could not have come before an audience under better auspices. In Act I., *finale*, "Oh ma fille chérie," was deservedly re-demanded, and in Act IV., *finale*, "Dieu m'éclaire!" was fine, indeed, superb. Mlle. Noaille I have often noticed in your columns, and so have only to record that her rich voice told uncommonly well as *La Juive*.

And now for concerts!—On the 23rd there was a grand concert at the *Etablissement*, "avec le concours de plusieurs artistes." Partie Vocale.—Mlle. Montibert, du Conservatoire, élève de Madame Pauline Viardot; M. Devillier, ténor, a native of Boulogne, pupit of Rubini. Musique Instrumentale.—Mlle. Boulanger, violoniste, premier prix du Conservatoire (1873) élève de M. Alard; and M. F. Dulcken, pianiste, compositeur. The "Orpheons" of Boulogne also gave their aid; and the programme was varied and well carried out. On the 24th, a concert almost similar as regards artists, but, of course, with a change of programme, attracted a crowd at the same *Etablissement*, though not at the usual hour of 4 p.m., 8.30 being judiciously selected by M. Spiers, the manager, on account of the Regatta which took place that day from 1 p.m. till 7 p.m. I will not detail the incidents of "Les Régates sur la Liane" to you, of how Alphonse "paddled his own canoe" too near the Committee boat during his paddling, and, consequently, got enveloped in the enormous tricolour (floating partly in the water) astern, and had to swim ashore, leaving his canoe and paddle to the mercy of the semi-saline billows of the Liane. Nor shall I enlarge upon how many Boulogne "amateurs" won races, especially when, as there was nearly a dead heat between the Boulogne and Amiens crews, (the former leading by a NECK—I mean half-a-length), the *judge's boat* went to meet them!

Afternoon Concerts always the same. It has been complained a great deal of—the loud conversation which goes on incessantly during these little *matinée musicales*. Why should persons who wish to talk come in at all, or, if they wish to do so, is there not time between the performance of the five pieces which constitute the same? Some years ago, I had to comment upon the ladies going to the Crystal Palace so early on a Saturday to get to the front of the gallery and there work and chat. I remarked "Tit-Tat-To" all the first row?

The new Commissioners of the Museum at Boulogne have got well to work, and hope to bring out a thoroughly good catalogue of the valuable collection therein contained, besides making many alterations and improvements as soon as they possibly can do so.

S. C.

MILAN.—Signor Petrella's opera, *Giovanna di Napoli*, was produced at the Scala on the 23rd August. The principal parts were sustained by Mlle. Pasqua, Signorina Conti-Faroni, Signori Cellada, Burgio, and Padovani. The composer was called on fifteen times during the evening.—At the Teatro Dal Verme, Signora Galletti has been drawing excellent houses in the *Favorita*. The baritone, Signor Buti, produced a favourable impression. The tenor, Signor Sigelli, has not been so fortunate. Before he had sung, all the papers praised him up to the skies; they now all unite in running him down. However, he has naturally a fine voice, a real tenor voice, and, if he only studies and lives long enough, will some day make his mark. M. Gounod's *Faust* has lately been performed at the same Theatre, with Signora Casanova Cepeda, in the principal female part. The part of Mephistopheles was sustained by Signor Feitlinger. What seemed to strike the public most about this gentleman was the colour of his dress: red from head to foot. The character is generally so dressed in Germany, but not in Italy. The papers make merry with poor Signor Feitlinger. One says that he resembles a devil dipped in tomato sauce. Another remarks that he looks like a boiled cray-fish, adding that no one could doubt that he came from the infernal regions, or—had just emerged from the saucapan.

DRAGONETTI.—Dragonetti was an original of the purest water. Moscheles says of him: "In his 'salon' in Leicester Square, he has collected a large number of various kinds of dolls; amongst them is a negress. When visitors are announced, he politely receives them, and says that this or that young lady will make room for them; he also asks his intimate acquaintances whether his favourite dolls look better or worse since their last visit, and similar absurdities. He is a terrible snuff-taker, helping himself out of a gigantic box, and he has an immense and varied collection of snuff-boxes. The most curious part of him is his language—a regular jargon, in which there is a mixture of his native Bergamese, bad French, and still worse English."—*The Life of Moscheles*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. & P.—M. Pierre Schott, who recently died at Ixelles, near Brussels, was a brother of M. Schott of Mayence and London, but was not connected with either house as a partner. Mr. Wolf is the active partner in the London house.

F. J. F.—Miss Linda Scates, the accomplished pianist, formerly a student at the Royal Academy of Music, is one of the professors of the pianoforte at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

Dr. SLATER BANG.—It is the old story over again. "Tempora mutantur," it is true, but the persons concerned are the same, and so are their dirty tricks.

EL DORADO.—*Paved with Gold* was written by Augustus Mayhew—one of the "Brothers"—single-handed. "You wish there were a few more novels of the same sort." We dare say you do. You are not the only person who wishes so.

PENNINGTON LOBB.—1. Too late, at any rate for this number. 2. The distance from Marathon to Athens is about forty miles. 3. Meyerbeer, in 1847.

MARRIAGES.

On the 27th ult., at the Hanover Square Rooms, HERMANN STERNBERG, eldest son of LOUIS STERNBERG of Brussels, to LINA, second daughter of W. SELIM, Esq., of Upper Bedford Place.

On the 30th ult., at St. Clement's Dances, Strand, LOVELL PHILLIPS of Clement's Inn, son of the late W. LOVELL PHILLIPS, to ISABEL ANNIE, only daughter of ALFRED CUTLER, of Willis' Road, N.W.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. In consequence of press of matter, it has been impossible to insert several articles which are in type. They will appear next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Birmingham, August 28th, 1873.

ALTHOUGH I purpose reserving statistics till the close, it may not be uninteresting to state that the receipts and donations for the first two days have exceeded by £760 the amount taken in the corresponding period three years ago, and as all the places are gone for the remaining performances, a net result of something like £7,000 for the General Hospital may not unreasonably be looked for. Satisfactory as this is for the charity, there is another feature which will be no less gratifying to the musical mind, and that is that Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has rivalled the *Messiah* in power of attraction, the whole of the places on Tuesday having been converted into reserved seats at a guinea each, a fact of which I have only recently been made aware. To-day the case is the same, and many whose names were put in the ballot-box have had their expectations terribly disappointed, receiving, instead of the anticipated tickets, a letter expressing regret that it was out of the power of the Committee to comply with their wish, the applications far out-numbering the capability of accommodation in the Hall.

I append the scheme of the second evening concert:—

PART I.

Symphony, (C minor)	Beethoven.
Song, "Peaceful slumber"—Madame Patey	Randegger.
Duo, "Tornami a dir" (<i>Don Pasquale</i>)—Madame L. Sherrington and Mr. Rigby	Donizetti.
Air, "Ah che infelice" (<i>Ugo Conte di Parigi</i>)—Mdlle. Albani	Donizetti.
Trio, "Soave sia il vento" (<i>Così fan Tutte</i>)—Madame L. Sherrington, Madame Patey and Signor Foli	Mozart.
Air, "Se tanto in ira" (<i>Linda</i>)—Mr. Sims Reeves	Donizetti.
Duo, "Ebben a te ferisci" (<i>Semiramide</i>)—Mdlle. Tietjens and Mdlle. Trebelli	Rossini.
National Hymn (First time of performance in England)—Mr. Santley and Chorus	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture, "St. John the Baptist"	G. A. Macfarren.
Song, "Ernani involami" (<i>Ernani</i>) Mdlle. Tietjens	Verdi.
Duo, "Bell'immagine" (<i>Semiramide</i>)—Mdlle. Patey and Signor Foli	Rossini.
Air, "Va dit elle" (<i>Roberto il Diavolo</i>)—Madame L. Sherrington	Meyerbeer.
Duo, "Quando di sangue tinto" (<i>Belisario</i>)—Mr. Cummings and Signor Foli	Donizetti.
Air, "Voi che sapete" (<i>Nozze di Figaro</i>)—Mdlle. Trebelli	Mozart.
Ballad, "Robin Adair"—Mdlle. Albani	
Air, "Un aura amorosa" (<i>Così fan Tutte</i>)—Mr. Rigby	Mozart.
Trio, "Le faccio un inchino" (<i>Il Matrimonio Segreto</i>)—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. L. Sherrington, and Madame Trebelli	Cimarosa.
Romance, "Just as of old"—Mr. W. H. Cummings	Cummings.
Sestett, "Sola sola" (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sherrington, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli	Mozart.
Overture, "Siege of Corinth"	Rossini.

The performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony was in every way worthy the splendid band and its accomplished conductor; and in recording my own opinion that it has rarely, if ever, been so magnificently rendered, I but echo the sentiment expressed by every competent judge, and endorsed by the reception it met with at the hands of the audience. For five Festivals no symphony has been heard, and even upon this occasion it was a matter of serious debate whether any such work should form part of the programme, but happily the classical advocates prevailed, and that they were right in their views has been proved beyond a doubt. Having now established a precedent it is to be hoped that henceforth one or other of the great symphonies may be included, and the taste of Birmingham for what is best and noblest in music may never again be open to question. Sound judgment was exercised in selecting No. 5 for the experiment; for, with the exception of the "Pastoral," not one of the immortal nine is so well-known or so thoroughly appreciated; and as it occupies but little more than half-an-hour, even those who do not care for classical music (in the same sense that an individual whose literary tastes have hardly got beyond "Who killed Cock Robin?" or "Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard," could hardly be regarded as a competent judge of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*) could scarcely complain, as I have heard them do at times, that there was "too much of that precious fiddling," and at the end of a symphony remark, "Well, thank God that's over." Poor Julien, who was the first to give the masses an opportunity of hearing the best music at a ridiculously cheap rate, found his account in the classical evenings, and the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, never failed to attract the shilling-paying public; while Mr. Arthur Chappell's most constant supporters are to be numbered amongst those who, week after week, pay their twelve pence for the pleasure of listening to the chamber compositions of the great masters at the Monday Popular Concerts. The only novelties yesterday evening were the "National Hymn" of Rossini for baritone and chorus, said to have been written for the late Emperor of the French, and Mr. Macfarren's overture to *St. John the Baptist*. The solo in the former work was entrusted to Mr. Santley, who did full justice to its broad, stirring melody, and, as the instrumental is no less taking than the voice part, the result was proportionate, and much applause greeted its termination. If M. Rivière be wise in his generation, I would commend the work to his notice, for the whole thing is so bright, tuneful, and catching that I feel confident it would prove a great success at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. Mdlle. Albani strengthened the favourable impression she had created the previous evening, and was encored both in the air of Donizetti and the old ballad, "Robin Adair," the latter being given with charming taste and expression. In Mr. Cummings's romance, "Just as of old," composition and singing appeared equally to the taste of the audience. *Au reste*, the selection comprising more or less familiar pieces, and equally well-known executants, beyond stating the fact that the listeners appeared pleased, and that the singers did their best, there is little, if anything to record.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who departed for Ingestre with the Earl

of Shrewsbury yesterday afternoon, was so gratified by the performances he had attended, and no less so by the reception he had met with, that a telegram was received later in the day expressing the intention of his Royal Highness to be present at the *Messiah* this morning, as well as at the concert this evening, for Signor Randegger's cantata, *Fridolin*, which is alike creditable to the Duke, the Festival, and the town of Birmingham. With the exception of Mr. Cummings and Mdlle. Albani all the principal singers have taken part in the *Messiah*; and, although the weather has been unpropitious, frequent heavy showers having fallen at intervals, the success of the third day of the meeting has been in no way interfered with, even if some of the elegantly dressed ladies may have suffered somewhat in their attire during the sortie for luncheon, and after the end of the oratorio.

—o—
August 29.

A more thoroughly legitimate or completely deserved success than attended Signor Randegger's new cantata, *Fridolin*, last evening, has rarely been achieved, audience and musicians alike agreeing in this opinion. As a composer of popular pieces such as *Ben e ridicolo*, *I Naviganti*, and other light *moreaux*, Signor Randegger has enjoyed a certain distinction for some time past, but it was not until the elaborate scena, entitled *Medea*, appeared at the Norwich Festival four years since, that the existence of higher qualifications was made manifest, and even then the capacity would seem to have been latent rather than apparent. Last night has, however, effectually set any question of the kind at rest, and Signor Randegger's position as a musician is firmly established beyond a doubt.

Fridolin, or the *Message to the Forge*, is a dramatic cantata, the words of which have been written by Madame Rudersdorff. The original of the story is said to be either a French or a German legend, but the source from which it has been derived for the present occasion is a ballad by Schiller, "Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer." The period of the action is supposed to be about the year 1400. The *dramatis personæ* are Waldemar, Count of Saverne; Eglantine, his Countess; Fridolin, page to the Countess; Hubert, squire to the Count; with huntsmen, hand-maidens to the Countess, peasants, and smiths. The Argument is thus given in the preface to the pianoforte score of the work:—Fridolin and Hubert are in the service of the Count of Saverne. Hubert, aspiring to win the affections of his beautiful mistress, conceives a violent hatred of Fridolin, whom he regards as an obstacle in his path. Taking advantage of Fridolin's loyal devotion to the Countess, Hubert excites the jealousy of the Count, and prompts a stern revenge. The Count forthwith writes to some mechanic serf, ordering that whoever comes asking a certain question shall be at once thrown into their furnace. Fridolin, innocent of wrong and unconscious of danger, receives the "message to the forge;" but, ere setting out, he waits upon his mistress for such commands as she might have to give. The Countess desires him to enter the chapel he would pass on his way and offer up a prayer for her. Fridolin obeys, and thus saves his own life; but vengeance overtakes the traitor Hubert, who, going to the forge to learn whether the plot has succeeded, himself asks the fatal question, "Is obeyed your lord's command?" and himself becomes the victim. Fridolin subsequently appears, and is about to perish likewise, when the Count and Countess, between whom explanations have taken place, arrive on the scene, to preserve the innocent and to learn the fate of the guilty.

Such a subject as this admits of eminently dramatic treatment, and Signor Randegger has musically illustrated the poem in a way which indicates how thoroughly he has been imbued with its spirit and meaning; indeed, with but little extension of the plan, and slight addition to the numbers, the result would be a highly effective two-act drama instead of a (no less effective) cantata. The principal characters were sustained by Mr. Santley as Waldemar, Count of Saverne; Eglantine, his Countess, Madame I. nmens-Sherrington; Fridolin (the "pious youth" alluded to in the prologue), Page to the Countess, Mr. Cummings; and Hubert, Squire to the Count, Signor Foli; and that these artists respectively did their utmost to contribute to the success of the work, and sang in a manner which left nothing to be desired, will be quite understood, while the band and chorus executed their task so thoroughly *con amore*, and with such brilliancy, precision, and delicate attention to light and shade that, had it been the twentieth instead of the first performance, or had there been a dozen instead of one rehearsal (and that late on Monday night, when every one was

tired out with a long and trying day's work), it would hardly have been possible for the cantata to have gone better. True, the composer, who, as a matter of course, conducted, displayed as much skill in wielding the *bâton* as the pen, his beat being firm, clear, and decisive, and never for one moment hesitating or admitting any doubt as to its indication, but the task must have been terribly trying to Signor Randegger who, in addition to the nervousness naturally incidental to the production of a composition of magnitude at a Festival of such importance as that of Birmingham, had the misfortune but a few hours previously to fall in coming from the orchestra, wrenching his ankle terribly; and, although the most skilful surgeon in the place was instantly sent for, and bandages applied, the intense suffering from the part affected was but too plainly apparent in the pained expression and remarkable pallor of the face. However, the mental satisfaction must have been some compensation for the bodily agony, and a night's rest and the first burst of excitement being got over have done their work, and I am glad to be able to report favourable progress.

Of the ten numbers which make up the work, although one and all are more or less effective, the "Chorus of Hunters," encored by acclamation, as well as by the sanction of the President (himself a hunting man), a wondrously graphic and spirited bit of writing; the chorus of handmaidens, "Calmly flow the equal hours," an exquisitely graceful composition, also encored; the elegantly written air for the Countess, "No bliss can be so great;" the animated and picturesque chorus of peasants, "Song is resounding," which has a "go" about it perfectly irresistible; and the forge scene, commencing with the chorus, "Gift of demons, raging fire," produced the greatest impression. As the work is sure to be heard in London ere long, and the same reasons which have prevented my entering into detail with the other novelties still prevail, I must content myself with saying that whether for the voices singly or in combination, Signor Randegger's composition everywhere exhibits the hand of a master, while the instrumentation, charming throughout, is never obtrusive, much less overdone, frequently displaying originality both of thought and treatment, and showing a thorough knowledge of orchestral resources.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who had attended the *Messiah* in the morning, and who upon entering and leaving the hall was loudly cheered, as well within as without, frequently applauded the cantata; and before leaving Birmingham, which he did the same night, for Balmoral, sent a gracious message to the composer, expressing the great satisfaction he had experienced in listening to the work. Among other distinguished visitors in the patron's gallery were Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Sir Julius Benedict, both of whom being recognised on their entry were received with a round of applause. After what has gone before, it is needless to say that there was a perfect ovation (let those who object to the word find me a better) for the composer, executants and the public vying with each other in the warmth of their approval.

The second part of the concert was made up as follows:—

Overture, "William Tell"	Rossini.
Bolero, "C'est l'Espagne"—Madame Trebelli	Offenbach.
Recitative, "Then she 'Let some one sing'"—Mdlle. Tietjens	
Air, "Tears, idle tears"	Oakeley.
Air, "Dalla sua pace" (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)—Mr. Rigby	Mozart.
Trio, "Break, break"—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlme. Trebelli and Mr. Vernon Rigby	Anderton.
Air, "Oh non credea mirarti" (<i>Sonnambula</i>)—Mdlle. Albani	Bellini.
Air, "Non più andrai" (<i>Nozze di Figaro</i>)—Signor Foli	Mozart.
Quartet, "Un di se ben rammentomi" (<i>Rigoletto</i>)—Mdlle. Albani, Mdlme. Trebelli, Mr. Rigby and Signor Foli	Verdi.
Overture, "Ruy Blas"	Mendelssohn.

I have heard the violoncello opening to Rossini's masterpiece of overture better played than upon this occasion, but there was no lack of applause, and the last movement was given again in answer to general acclamation, as was also the case with Mdlle. Albani, who repeated the "Ah non giunge," the joyous finale to Bellini's ever-popular opera. It was again something like half-past eleven ere the third concert, not remarkably interesting so far as its second division is concerned, was brought to a close. Mr. H. S. Oakeley, to whose song, "Tears, idle

tears," Mdle. Tietjens did full justice, was present, but the result of his fearful accident in Switzerland last year, when a carriage overset and hurled him down a precipice, are but too apparent, and it is to be feared that the lameness from which the Edinburgh Professor now suffers may prove permanent.

The weather this week has been most unfortunate, overcast skies, heavy and frequent showers, culminating in a perfect deluge yesterday afternoon, while to-day we have had sometimes gusts and squalls, sometimes drizzles, and at no times pleasant, bright, genial sunshine. Still all seems powerless, and moist though the atmosphere may be, and sorely afflicted as the wearers of the elegant and bright-looking costumes must feel, yet—in the figurative sense, at least—there is nothing like a damper cast on the Festival, for the hall to-day was as crowded as ever, while last night there was assembled the largest audience ever known within its walls.

The name of Spohr has not been seen in a Festival programme here for many years, although it was in contemplation at the meeting of 1870 to have given the work which opened this morning's programme, *God Thou art great* having been intended for performance on the same day as Sir Julius (then Mr.) Benedict's oratorio of *St. Peter* was produced. The principal parts were distributed between Mdle. Tietjens, Mdme. Trebelli, and Mr. Vernon Rigby; and as the cantata (or hymn) does not present any remarkable difficulties and is tolerably familiar to the musical world at large, beyond stating that it went smoothly, there is little or nothing to record. Next in order followed an "Ave Maria" of Rossini, first time of performance, "by permission of Albert Grant, Esq.," who is said to have purchased the MS. score from the widow of the illustrious composer. Then came the air from Handel's *Theodora*, "Angels, ever bright and fair," sung with unaffected simplicity by Mdle. Albani; but the effect was slightly marred by a frequent "vibrato," possibly arising from nervousness in undergoing the "sacred" ordeal. The request of the Mayor (who occupied the presidential chair) for a repetition was wisely disregarded, and Sir Michael Costa lost no more time than was absolutely necessary before proceeding to the fourth item in the scheme, Haydn's Mass, No. 3, familiarly known as "The Imperial," the solos in which were entrusted to the capable hands, or rather voices, of Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Patey, and Sutton, Messrs. Cummings and Foli. At the "Credo" some amongst the audience rose, others followed the example, and soon nearly every one was on his or her feet. At the "Sanctus" some sat down, some remained standing, and by the time that the "Benedictus" was reached, the majority of those present were in a charming state of uncertainty as to what was or was not the correct thing to do. Had there been space to spare, perhaps some might have solved the difficulty by adopting a middle course, and reclining at full length—that is, assuming it would be possible to maintain such an attitude on benches whose very hard wood is but ill-disguised by glazed calico cushions, lined with a substance which, taken in combination with the slipperiness of the covering and the height of the seat, form about as uncomfortable a perch for performances of several hours duration as can be possibly imagined. But, seriously speaking, this standing up during certain passages of a Mass when given, not in a Roman Catholic church as an act of worship, but in a town hall as a concert, which, although of sacred music, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be converted into "divine service," is at once an ostentatious display on the part of some, as well as an absurdity in itself, and if carried to its legitimate conclusion, with the variety of persons of different creeds, would lead to demonstrations of most opposite character, as one section might see fit to kneel, another to cross themselves, while the Semitic race might deem it incumbent to put on their hats, a proceeding which would be misconstrued by others, and lead to consequences unpleasant to contemplate.

The "Double Chorus" of Rossini, performed for the first time, is written in the ancient ecclesiastical style, and if, like the other novelties of the *maestro* produced at this Festival, it does not add to, certainly will not detract from, his fame. The morning's performance concluded with a selection of the best known numbers from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, including the solo for Madame Patey, "Their land brought forth frogs," the duet "The Lord is a Man of War" for Messrs.

Santley and Foli, and for Mr. Sims Reeves the recitatives, "Now, there arose a new King," "Then sent He Moses," and "The enemy said," the latter fairly electrifying the audience, who, utterly disregarding the injunctions against applause, burst forth with a shout of approval, so unanimous and so hearty, that to have attempted to suppress it would have been a task as difficult as to stem the waves of a raging sea. Dates are awkward things to deal with, and I will not pretend to say how often I have heard our great tenor sing this trying air, but throughout my recollection I cannot call to mind any occasion on which he has surpassed his performance of this morning, which effectually disposes of the rubbish that one has heard uttered of late to the effect that Mr. Reeves is "losing his voice," "has had his day," and "is no longer the singer he was." I quite agree, however, with the latter proposition, although in another sense, and am glad to find that my opinion is in accord with that of many musicians who think that the difference lies in favour of Mr. Reeves' present over his past singing, displaying as it does a degree of refinement and artistic study which had hardly developed in former years. True, Mr. Reeves husbands his resources, and does not make so frequent use of his top A's, as was but too frequently the custom in days gone by, reserving his power for such fitting opportunities as that just afforded, and as will no doubt be again shown this evening in *Judas Maccabæus*. Herein is Mr. Reeves wise in his generation; for with the pitch at such an excessive height, the danger of straining the voice is imminent, and this is far too great a risk to be run by any artist, much less by one whom it would, at least at present, appear impossible to replace. The choruses in *Israel* (one or two slips allowed for) were sung magnificently, as was only to be expected with so fine and so well trained a body of voices.

August 30th.

The Birmingham Festival of 1873 is now a matter of history, and when I say that, despite the enormous labours of all concerned, the last performance was worthy the first, it will be conceded that singers and players must possess powers of endurance of no mean order, for this has been indeed a heavy week's work. *Judas Maccabæus*—or *Maccabæus* as it was originally spelt on its first production at Covent Garden Theatre in 1747—is, happily, too well known to require any description at the present day, and the artists being no strangers either to the work or to the public, my concluding task is easy. Of the most familiar airs, "Pious orgies," "Oh liberty," and "So shall the lute," fell to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; "From mighty kings," and "Wise men flattering," to Mdle. Tietjens; "Father of Heaven," to Madame Patey, all of whom sang, as they have done throughout the week, excellently well. In the first part Mr. Cummings undertook the tenor music, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by "Call forth thy powers" to show (if proof were needed) how thorough a musician he is in the highest sense of the term; while Mr. Santley, in "Arm, arm ye brave," "The Lord worketh wonders," "Rejoice, O Judah," again asserted his supremacy. After the marvellous display of the morning it was not likely that Mr. Sims Reeves would allow his laurels to be tarnished, and it is enough to say that "Sound an alarm" rang like a war-trumpet through the hall, rousing the audience to an enthusiasm equal to that evoked by "The enemy said" in the morning. The choruses were again wonderfully well given, while the band was throughout no less satisfactory. After the National Anthem had been sung (in the same manner as at the opening of the Festival) ringing cheers and a hearty call for Costa brought the redoubtable chief once more to the fore to receive the well-deserved congratulations of a public which owes so much of the great musical treat it has for the past four days enjoyed to the energy and ability of the accomplished, if somewhat stern and imperious, conductor.

Briefly reviewing the extraordinary quantity of music gone through since last Tuesday, Birmingham has indeed something to be proud of, for of the standard works, the performances have rarely, if ever, been equalled, much less excelled, *Elijah*, *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, the *Israel* selection, the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, and *Leonora* overture, standing out prominent, while the three important novelties have all been unquestionably successful. Mr. Sullivan's oratorio is a work which is sure to grow upon one with more intimate acquaintance, and has raised

the composer of the *Tempest* music, *Kenilworth* and *The Prodigal Son* alike in the estimation of sound musicians and the general public; and I am informed that already *The Light of the World* is secured for performance in London, Liverpool, and Nottingham within the next few months. I have no doubt that ere long it will be heard at most of the important musical towns in the kingdom, more particularly as it is the composer's intention to reduce the length of the oratorio to more reasonable proportions. Signor Randegger's praises are sounded on all sides, and it is generally allowed that, of all the cantatas produced of late years, *Fridolin* is the one most likely to retain permanent hold of the public ear. *The Lord of Burleigh* is worthy its composer's reputation, and if Signor Schira will deal with the instruments of percussion with no sparing hand, a much better opportunity will be afforded of hearing some really musically writing both for voices and instruments, allied to melodies which have only to become known to be appreciated at their right value.

The artists have contributed liberally to the donations, Mdle. Tietjens having given £25; Madame Trebelli-Bettini, £10 10s.; Mdle. Albani, £52 10s.; Mr. Sims Reeves, £20; Mr. Arthur Sullivan, £5 5s.; while the Sacred Harmonic Society, besides lending a quantity of music, has contributed £10 10s.

The following is a summary of the results of the Festival:—

	Persons present.	Receipts. £. s. d.
August 26.—Tuesday (first day)	3,480	3,764 7 5
„ 27.—Wednesday (second day)	3,304	3,208 0 1
Total 1st and second days	6,784	6,972 7 6
August 28.—Thursday (third day)	4,638	4,529 9 4
Total 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days	11,422	11,501 16 10
August 29.—Friday (fourth day)	3,987	3,279 7 9
Total 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th days	15,409	14,781 4 7
Tickets at £5 5s. each	97	509 5 0
Schemes	—	370 0 0
Total	15,506	15,660 9 7

The donations are in excess of 1870, £93; the receipts for tickets, £1,117 18s. in excess of the same date; and the increase in the number of attendances, 936. The result is £1,569 10s. 4d. increase of receipts as compared with 1870, but as the expenses are somewhat heavier there will be some deduction to be made from this surplus, but in any case, the funds of the General Hospital may expect to be benefited by an amount of something like £7,500, through the instrumentality of what may more than ever be called a divine art.

To Mr. Peyton, the Atlas upon whose shoulders the main work of the Festival rests, to Mr. Beale, the Chairman, Mr. Howard Smith, the Secretary, and the courteous and business-like Stewards, my acknowledgments are due for their readiness to afford every facility and information required.

I cannot close my notice without recording an incident narrated to me as having happened to the Duke of Edinburgh, who was addressed by an old lady of fervent but familiar loyalty, and who, forcing herself to the front of the crowd, exclaimed, "God bless you! How's your dear mother?" What was the reply of his Royal Highness I have not learnt.

DRINKWATER HARD.

KARLSBAD (Bohemia).—The recent programmes of our excellent Church-orchestra, under the distinguished leadership of Herr August Labitzky, contained, during the last month, Mendelssohn's March from *Athalie*, the introduction to Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and his *Walkürenritt*; a "Symphonie Triomphale" by H. Ulrich; "Danse des Sylphes" by H. Berlioz; introduction to the opera, *King Manfred*, by Reinecke; overture to Herr Flotow's *Martha*, &c. The solo performances were chiefly entrusted to Fraulein Anna Dubez (Harapist to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Schwerin), whose exquisite performances are always admired and listened to with particular interest. Fraulein Dubez played a solo on airs from *Lucia*, "Marche des Croates" by Zamara, "Au rive de la mer," and fantasia on an "Air Russe," by C. Oberthur; also, in conjunction with Herr F. Jakob, Oberthur's Romanes, "La plainte" and "Le Petit Savoyard," for harp and violin, which pleased immensely, as did likewise a Romance by Schulhoff, for harp and horn, the latter instrument being admirably played by Herr Behr.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A STATUE in honour of Goldoni has just been inaugurated at Florence. Carlo Goldoni, surnamed the Molière of Italy, was born at Venice in 1707. He was a most prolific dramatic author. Though very many of his works for the stage are still in MS., his published comedies and tragedies attain the high total of two hundred and eleven. He tried his hand, also, at opera. His great object was to substitute written comedy for the *commedia del arte*, under which name were classed pieces extemporised by the actors on a skeleton plot furnished by the author. His efforts as a literary reformer involved him in disputes and quarrels, necessitating his absence for some time from his native land. He went to Paris and was appointed Italian master to the daughters of Louis XV. He profited by his sojourn in France to write a comedy in French, *Le Bourru bienfaisant*, still a stock-piece at the Théâtre Français. He died at Paris in 1793.

"THERE's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming," sang the concert-giver. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Russell," said a labouring man, rising from the audience in the middle of the hall, "but you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

THE "Prix de Rome" given by the French Government dates from 1802. The first person who gained it was named Androt. He died during his stay in the Eternal City. Musical competitions in France, however, remount to a much remoter period. In the statutes granted by Henri III. to the confraternity of St Cecilia, we read: "All good and excellent musicians of this realm, and elsewhere, shall be invited to send, provided they feel so disposed, on the day and eve of St Cecilia aforesaid, some new motet, or honest cantique, being their own composition, to be sung, so that people may know and point out the good authors, and notably the one among them who shall have done best, and who shall be honoured and rewarded with some honourable gift, as shall be provided for at the fitting time."

A MAN with an enquiring mind thrust his hand the other day into a horse's mouth, to see how many teeth the animal had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

SPEAKING of Madame Parepa-Rosa, a correspondent of an American contemporary says:—

"The lady was singing 'Casta Diva' at San Francisco. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eyes, she commenced with her Eolian notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a gush of plaintive, supplicating harmony that vibrated through every chord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dress and halo of golden hair, silver powdered, and there was a sweet pensive look on her downcast face. The music ceased, and the audience, wild with enthusiasm, were demanding an *encore*, when my companion raised her large serene eyes to my face, and said 'Isn't it sad?' 'Yes,' I replied, quickly, sharing her feeling, 'although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord.' 'O, nonsense,' she exclaimed, 'I don't mean that! You know very well that I don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men in California bald-headed? I wonder if it is dissipation, or the climate, or what? Do you know that I have been picking out bald heads down in the parquet, and, would you believe it, I actually counted out twenty-five?'"

"MR. SPEAKER," exclaimed a member of the Arkansas Legislature, "my colleague taunts me with a desire for fame. I scorn the imputation, Sir. Fame, Sir! What is fame? It is a shaved pig with a greased tail, which slips through the hands of thousands, and then is accidentally caught by some fellow that happens to hold on. I let the greased-tail quadruped go by me without any effort to clutch it, Sir!"

SOQUAL (CALIFORNIA).—Frederic Hawson, an actor very well known in these parts, committed suicide on 29th July.

CROSTADT.—A new Theatre is being erected here, capable of containing eight hundred persons. The greater part of the cost will be borne by the Ministry of Marine.

SALT LAKE CITY.—However great in other things, the Prophet, Brigham Young, does not shine as a theatrical manager. In consequence of his partiality for the penny-wise-and-pound-foolish system, the performances at the Theatre ceased to be patronized by the local Saints, and the Prophet, who, though not thinking himself a small Prophet, is fond of quick returns, has sold the Theatre to a company.

COSTUMES.*

(From "Another World.")

While speaking of materials for dress, I will venture to interrupt "the preparations for the marriage" by giving a short description of some of our costumes. As certain of our manners and customs, besides having a character of their own, may be said to partake both of your Eastern and Western usages, so do our dresses partake both of your oriental and classical costumes.

LADY'S COSTUME.

The costume of the lady is loose and flowing. A jacket or bodice of purple tissue covers the right arm, and one side of the body to the waist, leaving the left arm, shoulder and part of the bosom exposed. A small waistcoat, made of a crimson tissue, is worn underneath the bodice. The tunic is of white tissue, beautifully embroidered with a gold thread. The short skirts show trousers of golden tissue, full, and not unlike those of your Turks. They are confined at the ankle by anklets, made of plain gold for the middle classes, whilst those worn by the upper classes are of ravine metal, ornamented with precious stones. There are fringe trimmings to the tunic made of precious metals of every variety of colour, selected for their lightness and beauty, and enriched at their extremities with precious stones. The colours of the costume vary with the taste of the wearer, but are selected to harmonize one with another, and all with our brilliant light. The feet are protected by a sole secured either by sandals or by means of an adhesive material. Women are not allowed to wear stays, or in any way to confine the waist. Indeed such encumbrances would serve no good purpose, inasmuch as their forms are actually beautiful; their spines, in consequence of their physical education, are strong, and every part of the frame, which might otherwise require support, is in its right place.

HEAD-ORNAMENTS.

In the hair is sometimes worn an ornament forming two wings, each consisting of a single diamond, which moves on small fine hinges, and is so arranged that the least breath of air will set it in motion. In the centre, uniting the two wings, is a small crimson stone, surmounted by a large round stone of purple blue, from which sprouts out a very fine dagger of a greenish gold colour. The rest of the head-dress is made of fine metal, chosen for its lightness, of the same tints. These metals are of equal, perhaps greater, value than gold, but are chosen for their qualities. The necklace and anklets correspond in character to the head-dress, with the addition to the former of one large pearl, which hangs to the wings, and rests on the lady's bosom. The bracelets are made in your Greek style—bands of gold set with large pearls. The soles to protect the feet are gilded with ravine metal. The sandals, which are of purple enamel of a peculiar kind, are often ornamented with jewels. The fan is composed of the choicest feathers of our native birds, and set in ravine metal of the most beautiful kind, studded with pearls and other precious stones.

We have pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones of a very remarkable kind, whose electricities are supposed to have a certain influence over the wearer. Thus, diamonds in Montalluyah have, it is thought, a tendency to increase the circulation; and when I have been fatigued by excessive study, a chain of peculiar diamonds has been placed near my skin to revive me. Ladies sometimes wear a small turban with a gold tassel on the crown of the head. For the open air the head is covered with a turban, in front of which is a small shade, which, by means of a spring, falls down and protects the eyes and face from the sun.

* "The harmonious beauty of dress gives often indication of the mind of the wearer."

Ladies of superior quality rarely wear turbans, for they seldom go abroad in the heat of the sun, and when they do, they are shaded by a canopy, supported at each corner by a pole, and borne by four men. When walking in their grounds ladies use long veils, covering them from head to ankle, which they also wear when on horseback; but they never mount in the heat of the sun.

Every unmarried woman, without exception of class, wears a distinctive feature on her dress. The drapery is fixed with a jewel to the right shoulder, and the right arm is bare. On the other hand, the married woman's arms are always covered with falling drapery, though by certain movements she shows the arm. It is not till after marriage that the lady is allowed to wear very elaborate costumes.

GENTLEMEN'S COSTUME.

By men, an elastic linen case, or chemise, made of a material which will stretch to any size, and cling to the form, is worn next the skin. This, reaching just below the knee, is short in the sleeves, and very ornamental about the neck, leaving the throat bare. It is changed daily by the poor, and twice a day by the rich. Over it is worn a tunic of rich material, with sleeves differing from each other in form and colour.

The trousers of the men consist of a large mass of drapery of light material finer than cambric, prepared from leaves which have passed through a certain process, and are afterwards woven. This is wound round and round the leg. As many folds are required to protect the body from the scorching heat, it will be seen that lightness is an essential quality. The trouser, otherwise full, is narrow at the ankle, where it is confined by a band of the same material, of gold, or of jewels, according to the quality of the wearer. Gloves are not worn by men, but their trousers being so massive they can place their hands in the ample folds when walking in the sun.

Another important article of male attire is a large piece of drapery, which, fastened in front and on one shoulder with a jewel chain, is carried to the back, and, attached to the opposite arm, falls in graceful folds below one knee, where it may be fastened. It may also be thrown back and worn as a cloak or covering; in any case it descends in graceful folds. The feet are bare, and are rubbed with an oleaginous preparation, which keeps them lithesome, and prevents them from being browned by the sun. The under part of the foot is protected by a sole secured by sandals. The hair, whether of the head or beard, is never cut, and we have no shaving, but we have means to prevent the hair growing on any part of the face.

The colours of the costume vary greatly; each man selects according to his taste, but always with a harmony of tints. To give an example. If the drapery were crimson on the outside, the inside would be blue; the tunic, a very rich brown; the legs of the trousers, one red the other blue. The only ornament worn by the men is a chain of ravine metal, sometimes plain, sometimes set with costly gems; and we have brown costumes, relieved by this chain alone.

Out of doors the men wear a turban or head-covering, made of a very light material, beat out to the thinness of the finest wafer, and repellent of heat. It is very large, so that the face and eyes may be protected from the sun; and it is furnished with a contrivance by which a current of air is kept constantly playing on the top of the brain.

STRASSBURG.—The new theatre, built on the site of that destroyed by the German bombardment, was to be inaugurated on the 4th inst.

BRUSSELS.—M. Pierre Schott, the head of the well-known publishing firm here, has just died, in the prime of life, after a fortnight's cruel suffering, from the sting of some venomous insect. He was the youngest of the sons of M. B. Schott, who founded large musical publishing houses at Mayence, Brussels, London, and Paris.

PROVINCIAL.

SCARBOROUGH.—On Tuesday last, Dr. Sloman gave a most successful pianoforte recital at the Spa Saloon. The programme included Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and "Characteristics" of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven. The latter selection was greatly admired by a large and appreciative audience.

EXETER.—A "popular" concert has been given in the Public Rooms by the well-known flautist, Mr. Henry Nicholson, assisted by Madame Thaddeus Wells, Miss Lazarus, R.A.M. (solo pianist and accompanist), and Mr. Orlando Christian. We may hope that the concert and entertainment season has commenced, the inaugural performance having so successfully taken place. Madame Wells (the Emma Jenkins of the past) is an accomplished vocalist, who gives the most elaborate *floriture* with refreshing correctness of intonation. Her management of the upper register of her voice is easy, no facial contortion marring the pleasing impression produced by her clear, crisp tones. Mr. Nicholson's solos were received with rapturous applause (as usual), and Mr. Orlando Christian, who possesses a fine resonant voice, has no cause to complain of a lack of appreciation on the part of his hearers. Miss Lazarus plays brilliantly, her solos giving evidence of much careful training, while the taste which distinguishes her performances gives proof that in her case there is no lack of natural talent, without which the most costly tuition is bestowed in vain. There was a good attendance, and the "encore" system was liberally resorted to.—W. S. J.

MANCHESTER.—A short season of English Opera was commenced on Monday the 2nd inst., at the Theatre Royal, under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa. There was a large attendance, and the opera of *Martina* was presented, with such general excellence as to warrant the hope of a very successful season. The following is the *caste*: Maritana, Miss Blanche Cole; Lazarillo, Miss Lucy Franklin; Marchioness, Mrs. Aynsley Cook; Charles II., Mr. Arthur Stevens; Don José, Mr. S. C. Campbell; Marquis Montiflore, Mr. H. Jackson; Don Caesar de Bazan, Mr. Wm. Castle. "The choice of *Martina*," writes the *Examiner* and *Times*—"as the opening work was very judicious, and the applause of the audience frequently testified to their very hearty satisfaction. The band has been well selected, and it is not often that the orchestral accompaniments to an opera in Manchester have been so unobjectionable. The chorus, too, is very far above the average, and we have seldom had a company of chorists so familiar with their music, so generally correct, and, what is of no slight importance, so careful in the pronunciation of the words. This excellent quality, we are glad to say, was also studied by the principal vocalists. The costumes were extremely rich, and the requirements of the wardrobe have evidently been specially considered by the management."

MUNICH.—Herr Heinrich Natter, the sculptor, has been commissioned to execute a Schumann Monument for Leipzig.

OSTEND.—The Baroness Vigier (*née* Sophie Cruvelli), gave a most interesting concert lately, in conjunction with Leopold de Meyer.

PAMPLONA.—According to report, there is a young lady here possessed of a bass voice which the late Signor Lablache himself might have envied.

NAPLES.—A new four act opera, *Wallenstein*, has been produced with only moderate success at the Teatro del Fondo. The libretto, founded upon Schiller's well known play, is by Signor Enrico Galisciani, and the music by Signor Musone, the composer of *Camoëns*.

VIENNA.—During his short engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Herr Betz appeared very successfully as Neluco in Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Africaine*. He was admirably supported by Madame F. Materna, who, in consequence of Mdle. Ehnn's sudden indisposition, undertook the principal female part, which she executed splendidly, at, so to speak, a moment's notice.

ARAD.—A short time since, M. Offenbach's operetta, *La Belle Hélène*, was followed by a very sad and startling episode. The part of Calchas was sustained in the first act with much humour by Herr Pianta, a great favourite with the public. In the second act, another comedian continued the part, without any reason being assigned by the management for the substitution. A rumour, however, soon mysteriously found its way about the house, to the effect that the unfortunate Herr Pianta had been suddenly attacked by cholera, and in consequence conveyed at once to his lodgings. The rumour turned out to be true. The public evidently took no more interest in the performance, and it was quite as evident that the performers took no more interest in it than the public. Everyone felt glad when the curtain fell for the last time. Herr Pianta's comrades hastened to lend what assistance they could, but in spite of all their efforts, and those of the medical man, at two o'clock a.m., the poor fellow was a corpse. His benefit was to have come off the next evening, but, when he should have been going to the theatre, his friends were mournfully following him to the grave.

SOUTH KENSINGTON SCHOOL v. ROYAL ACADEMY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It now appears finally settled we are to have a "New School for Music" at the South Kensington establishment—if in opposition to the Royal Academy, in what way will it benefit the profession? If it merely swells the number of *art mechanics*, as the Kensington School of "Fine Art" has done, then I think it were better to let well alone; but if the new school is to encourage *original* compositions, and raise a suitable building for performing *new* English operas, and, by this means, bring out native talent as operatic actors, and place English opera upon a *sure* foundation, then, indeed, every lover of music and justice will wish the new society good speed. "Idealizers" may look with profound contempt upon English composers and English singers; they say "there is an absence of earnestness in their work." What can be more depressing to an ardent student with original talent than to feel that he has no power of displaying that talent however hard he may work? Let the new society create a demand for English opera by encouraging it, and the family of "Idealizers" will soon find that English composers have still a soul for melody of the very highest order, and singers to realize it.

Yours &c.,

R. C.

P.S.—I have looked anxiously for "Idealizer's" further remarks upon "English Opera," in your valuable journal, boldly signed by his name in full; in so good a cause, why does he hold back?

WAIFS.

Signor Bevnigani has returned from Italy, and leaves London for Moscow this day, to fulfil his duties as conductor of the orchestra.

Mr. Bishenden informs us that he has, within the last twelve months, been busy writing to the musical conductors all over the world, advocating the use of the *diapason normal*, and that almost all have agreed to adopt it.

A new organ has been opened at the Church of St. Philip, Milltown, Co. Dublin, by Mr. W. H. Telford. The singing by the choir (augmented for the occasion) of Dr. Greene's anthem, "Thou visitest the earth," would not suffer by comparison with more costly choirs. The offertory, the largest ever received in the church, was devoted to defray the expenses of the organ.

Messrs. Weippert & Co., the music publishers of Regent Street, whose warehouse was recently burned, have written to the *Times*, stating that so far from their stock-in-trade having, as reported, been fully insured, the insurance was for less than a tithe of its value, and they are, therefore, heavy losers. Some valuable musical instruments and many rare manuscripts were also destroyed.

Carl Wilhelm, the composer of the "Wacht am Rhein," whose death we announced last week, was buried on the 29th August, at Schmalkalden (Hesse). A large concourse of people from all parts of Germany, musical societies, military clubs, and deputations from various corporations, as well as the communal authorities and the school children of the town, attended, and walked in procession to the cemetery.

The death, at Ixelles, on the 30th ult, of M. Pierre Schott, the esteemed music publisher, is announced. M. Pierre Schott was well known for his amiable disposition and genial manners. He was one of the family of the world-famous "B. Schott et fils," music publishers of Mayence, and was the proprietor of an extensive business in Brussels and Paris. He leaves a widow, two daughters, and a son (aged 17) to regret their loss.

Mrs. Roney (Miss Helen Hogarth) has been appointed teacher of singing at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. Mrs. Roney, who had the advantage of studying under the first masters, has received from the parents of her former pupils the highest testimonials of her ability as a teacher, and the warmest expressions of their personal esteem. The Ladies' College could not have selected a professor better qualified for the important duties required.

CRAMER.—Cramer is exceedingly intellectual and entertaining, he has a sharp satirical vein, and spares neither his own nor his neighbour's foibles. He prefers to converse in French, and shows by his manners that he has spent much of his early life in France. He is one of the most inveterate snuff-takers. Good housekeepers maintain that after every visit of the great master the floor must be cleansed of the snuff he has spilt, whilst I, as a pianoforte player, cannot forgive him for disfiguring his aristocratic, long, thin fingers, with their beautifully shaped nails, by the use of it, and often clogging the action of the keys. Those thin, well shaped fingers are best suited for *legato* playing; they glide along imperceptibly from one key to the other, and, whenever possible, avoid octave as well as staccato passages. Cramer sings on the piano in such a manner that he almost transforms a Mozart Andante into a vocal piece, but I must resent the liberty he takes in introducing his own and frequently trivial embellishments.—*The Life of Moscheles*.

Madame Sinico made her first appearance at M. Rivière's Promenade Concerts on Saturday evening last. The accomplished vocalist sang "Ah fors è lui" (*La Traviata*)—the *cabaletta* of which she was compelled to repeat—and the "Blue Bells of Scotland." In response to a hearty encore, Madame Sinico followed the prevailing fashion of not repeating the song asked for, but giving another, which, on this occasion (by way of novelty?) was "Robin Adair."

Messrs. Kirkman and Sons have received a medal for their pianofortes, from the Judges of the Vienna Exhibition.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HENRY KLEIN.—"Electricity Valse," by Henry Klein.

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